APPENDIX AD OPVSCVLA.

ODE.

DE

IVSTO, ET TENACI PROPOSITI VIRO.

AD

PERILLVSTREM BARONEM DE C—DEN,

VIRTVTIS VERAE CVSTODEM,

RIGIDVMQVE SATELLITEM,

SCRIPTA.

ADIECTA VERSIONE ANGLICA,
A D. GVLIELMO BROWNE,

Iuſtum, et tenacem propoſiti virum
Non voltus inſtantis tyranni
Mente quatit ſolida.— HOR.

The man juſt, and reſolv'd, ſecure
Defies all threats of tyrant pow'r.

LONDINI,
MDCCLXX.

IX.

O D E.

C—DENE, Iuris dignior Anglici
Nuper Satelles, dum Tibi Regius
Favor niteret, Te remoto,
Solliciti lacrymamur omnes!

Te Fama magno nomine Iudicem
Miratur: aequa quod ſoleas manu,
Numquam Poteſtatem timente,
Iuſtitiae retinere Lances.

Quando haec habetur Quaeſtio maxima:
Utrum vocetur Libera Gens tua?
Deſideratam Tu dediſti,
Pro Patria trepidante Vocem.

Hoc

O D E.

C—DEN, whom we ſo lately ſaw
Moſt worthy, at the head of Law,
While Royal Grace your Merits meet,
Anxious we weep for your Retreat!

Your Judgment gain'd the greateſt Name,
With wonder ſignaliſ'd by Fame:
That you, by Power uncontroll'd,
Juſtice's aequal Scales wou'd hold.

When greateſt Quaeſtion came to be:
Whether to call your Nation Free?
You the much wanted Anſwer gave,
Your trembling Country's Rights to ſave.

If

Hoc ſi Tibi pro Crimine dicitur,
Heu! quantus eſſet Iuſtitiae pudor!
Ut Crimen id falſo putetur,
Gloria quod meritum eſt haberi!

Sed quid Miniſtro Principis inſcio,
Qui Te removit, contigerit Lucri?
Exoſus Ipſe ut ſit, Beatum ut
Te faciat *popularis aura!*

* *Duris ut Ilex tonſa bipennibus,*
Nigrae feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per caedes, ab ipſo
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

* Ex Horatii Ode IV. L. IV.

Datur, Acidulis Bathonienſibus,
Feſto Pulveri Pyrii detecti.

MDCCLXX.

If this, in You, a Crime be nam'd,
O how muſt Juſtice be aſham'd!
That this a Crime is falſely deem'd,
Which ſhou'd your Glory be eſteem'd!

But, by removing You, what Gain
Cou'd this wiſe *Miniſter obtain?*
Only to find Himſelf abhorr'd,
And You by all the world ador'd!

* Thus, the malignant Axe, that ſtrove
To lop the beſt Head in the Grove,
So little hurt the noble Oak,
He drew freſh ſtrength from ev'ry ſtroke.

Dated, at Bath medical ſprings,
On Gun-Powder Feſtival,

MDCCLXX.

EPIGRAMMA, Bathoniae ſcriptum, DE SEIPSO.

Dominus GVLIELMVS BROWNE, Medicinae Doctor, nunc Luſor.

Quinquaginta annos, nunc, paſſus in Arte Laboris,
Vult, ut ſit Luſus, nullus in Arte Labor.
Sic tamen ut ludat, ne Aegroti dicere poſſint:
' *Mors erit id nobis, quod tibi Luſus erit!*'

EPIGRAM, written at Bath, ON HIMSELF.

Sir WILLIAM BROWNE, Doctor, now Player in Phyſic.

For half a Century, his Eaſe
Was ſacrifis'd, to gather Fees.
He, now, takes quite a diff'rent Aim,
To play with Phyſic, as a Game.
But ſo play, that no Sick ſay thus:
' What's Play to you, is Death to us!'

EPIGRAMMA, DE REVISORIBVS.

Laus Cenſura Reviſorum eſt, Cenſuraque Laus eſt:
Hos legito Inverſe, ut Saga locuta Preces.

A Word, and a Blow, and a Salve,
TO MONTHLY REVIEWERS.

Such are the ſad Reviewers of our days;
Their Praiſe is Cenſure, and their Cenſure Praiſe.
The true Senſe of each Criticiſm of theirs
Is backwards read: as Witches ſay their Pray'rs.

Nota bene. *Theſe* Pſeudo-Critics *were whipt, pilloried, and branded, both by SHANDY, and by CHURCHILL: yet have the* Northern *hardineſs, to expoſe their* ſcarified Backs, *their* cropt Ears, *and the Capital Letter* B, burnt on their Foreheads.

Icti Piſcatores *Sapiunt*: ſed non *Reviſores.*
Fiſhermen ſtruck become the wiſer:
But ſtripes mend no Monthly Reviſor.
—But let this ſtarving Crew my Pity meet!
Poor, hungry Souls! They onely print to eat!
And yet, alas! go to their ſev'ral beds,
With bellies *juſt as empty, as their* heads!

Vivite, Valete, ſeroque ſaltem, *cum Phrygibus, Sapite.*
Live, and let Phyſic Health adviſe,
And late at leaſt, with Troy, be Wiſe.

Datur, Saturnalibus, *Dated, Chriſtmas Holidays. MDCCLXX.*